

# Richard Marx, Hand's in your pocket

We're all victims of the system, still we love to place the blame, we're running out of choices and there's no rules to the game. I'm getting tired of feeling this way, what can a single man do? what can he say? Every day you walk the edge of a knife, you're left with nothing at the end of your life. They've got their hands in your pocket, they'll take the clothes off your back...

...They'll stop you like a heart attack. We put people into power but we fight our wars alone, they take such good care of the rest of the world, but, what about the folks? At home, oh yeah! Point the finger at the man you chose, he'll say he's sorry, but it's just the way it goes. He sits in judgement like a king on a throne, 'till that November when he'll beg for a bone... ...Brother, don't ignore the facts...!